

VOL. 12, NO. 74.

CONNELLSVILLE, PA., THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1914.

EIGHT PAGES.

**RAILROADS MAY GIVE
PASSES TO FAMILIES
OF THEIR EMPLOYEES****Public Service Commission
Settles Much Debated
Issue.****NO VIOLATION OF THE NEW LAW**

Police and Firemen on Duty May Also Be Carried Without Pay; No Action Is Taken on Basis of Clergymen for Continuing of Half-Day Rate.

By Associated Press.
HARRISBURG, Feb. 5.—The Public Service Commission today ruled that railroad companies in Pennsylvania may issue free passes to their officers and employees, to be used for the transportation of the dependent members of families of such officers and employees. The ruling is significant in that it settles a question which has been debated for some time. The commission also ruled that the free transportation furnished by common carriers to police and firemen in the discharge of their public duties is not a violation of the new law.

The commission did not pass upon the question regarding reduced rates for teachers.

The decision of the Public Service Commission will be welcome to the thousands of railroad employees in this state who were affected by the ruling of the courts that no passes would be issued to members of their families, unless the railroad company was a common carrier. The decision of the commission is merely to effect that such transportation is not in violation of the new public utility law which was passed by the last Legislature and became effective on January 1.

MUST PROTECT FOREIGNERS

Huerta Issues Orders in Directing His Men to Protect Foreigners.

By Associated Press.
MEXICO CITY, Feb. 5.—A circular from President Huerta today directed his army divisions and the police to protect foreigners in the city of Mexico. It is reported that Huerta has begun a more vigorous campaign against the rebels and that extreme diligence is being exercised to protect foreigners as well as to keep them from being molested by the forces of operations.

PAPER IN MEXICO DO NOT LAMEN
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WANTED FOR MURDER.
Companion of Pittsburgh Timekeeper Is Taken at Wheeling.

By Associated Press.
WHEELING, W. Va., Feb. 5.—Nelson S. Kelly, arrested here today in connection with the murder of Robert McLean of Pittsburgh, whose body was found in a shallow grave in the city of Wheeling, was taken to the city of Wheeling today without extradition.

UNIONTOWN MAN MISSING.

Pittsburg Detectives Search for William Chesnut.

By Associated Press.
PITTSBURGH, Feb. 5.—City detectives were called today to search for William Chesnut, a man who was reported missing from Uniontown.

Author Is Socialist Nominee.
HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 5.—Robert Hunter, author and settlement worker, has been selected by reformers as the nominee of the Socialist party in Connecticut for United States Senator.

Smallpox Controlled.
SABLESPRING, W. Va., Feb. 5.—Smallpox has been controlled in this town by the use of vaccination.

**PHYSICIAN EXTRACTS
NEEDLE FOR 15 YEARS
IN A WOMAN'S FINGER.**

Special to The Courier.
DUNBAR, Feb. 5.—Dr. J. J. Mullon of Woodville performed an unusual operation yesterday when he extracted a portion of a needle which had been imbedded in the finger of Mrs. Alice Logan for 15 years.

**DISPUTE OVER POOL ROOM
RESULTS IN A CIVIL SUIT**

Brownsville Negroes Want Damages; Devanish They Want Evicted from Building.

Special to The Courier.
UNIONTOWN, Feb. 5.—One case was on trial in civil court today, that of William Hunt and Oliver Holbrook, colored, against Samuel Davis. The case arose from a dispute over a pool room in a building in Brownsville where they conducted a pool room. The plaintiffs claim they were to have possession of the building as long as it occupied the property. Davis owns the building, but C. L. Snowden owns the ground.

MUST SHOVEL SNOW

Three Offenders Before Mayor Told to Go to Work.

Three prisoners who appeared before Mayor Marietta this morning on charges of drunkenness were sentenced to assist in the cleaning of snow from the streets about the city property. John Drabko and William Farrell of Leipswing and Walter Truett of Wheeler, were each ordered to work out their sentences with the snow shovel. After they have removed every line of the "mudslide" from the city they will be discharged.

IMMIGRATION BILL UP.

President's Attitude Source of Much Speculation.

By Associated Press.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—With President Harding's attitude said to be the most drastic legislation of his kind for many years, the Burnett immigration bill was before the Senate today, when the final question on the literacy test will be threshed out. It passed the House yesterday.

LEGISLATORS VACCINATED.

Two Kentuckians Have Smallpox and a Scarv Follows.

By Associated Press.
FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 5.—A large number of members of the Kentucky Legislature and many residents of this city are nursing severe cases of smallpox. The result of vaccination due to a smallpox scare which developed yesterday when it was announced that Senator J. P. Porter of Dixon, and Representative A. O. Allen of Uniontown were ill with the disease.

Suffragist Arrested for Arson.

CLARKSBURG, Feb. 5.—A suffragist, whose name is Rosa Robinson, was arrested here today and taken to Frederick in connection with the incendiary bomb which exploded yesterday at Abertsville Castle, the home of Ross and St. Fillmore's mansion.

Author Is Socialist Nominee.
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**SHOOTS DIVORCED
HUBBY WHO SEEKS
TO BE RECONCILED****Uniontown Woman Replies
With a Revolver to
His Plea.****THEN TAKES HIM TO HOSPITAL**

Believes When He Falls Into a Chair and Calls That Police Find No Sign of a Tragedy, But Later Arrest Woman; Held for Investigation.

Special to The Courier.
UNIONTOWN, Feb. 5.—Falling to effect a reconciliation, Tony Petrone of Lomont and his divorced wife, Mary Carr, quarreled violently at the latter's home just outside of town this morning. The woman finally drew a small revolver and threatened to shoot her husband away. Tony, holding up his hands, "blame away," Mary blazed away and the bullet entered Tony's abdomen. With blood streaming from the wound, he staggered to a seat, exclaiming, "Mary, you have shot the best man in the world."

FIRE AT JENNERS

Restaurant Destroyed and Other Buildings Threatened.

Special to The Courier.
SOMERSET, Jan. 5.—Fire made its appearance in Jenners, Somerset county, between one and two o'clock Tuesday morning. The restaurant owned by Edward Pines and conducted by R. T. Staubs, and an attached building occupied by Joseph (Coke) and wife, in which he had a shoe-making shop, were entirely destroyed in less than an hour's time.

CANCER VICTIM DIES

Bottom Failed to Cure Congressman Brenner of New Jersey.

By Associated Press.
BALTIMORE, Feb. 5.—Robert G. Brenner, member of Congress from New Jersey, and editor of the Passaic Daily Herald, died today of cancer in the rectum. He had been suffering from the disease for four years. He was 59 years old and married.

HOUSE IS RAIDED.

Men and Women are Sentenced by Mayor Marietta.

In a raid on an alleged disorderly house on Eighth street, East Side, by Chief Butler and Patrolman Geiger yesterday afternoon, Mary Williams, colored, and Samuel Bulcher of Trotter, a white man, were arrested. Both were sentenced to 48 hours by the mayor last night, but the woman was released upon leaving a \$3.50 forfeit later in the evening.

THIRTY-THREE ARE IMMENSED.

Thirty-three converts were immersed Sunday by Rev. A. J. Payne, pastor of the Union Baptist Church on Main street, West Side. They were the first to be immersed in the new pool installed in the church and were converted at evangelistic meetings which have been going on for the past three weeks.

To Fight Hog Cholera.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—A threatened loss of \$200,000,000 in hogs during the present year from hog cholera led the Senate today to agree unanimously to a bill appropriating \$50,000 for the Department of Agriculture to fight the disease.

Pool Contest Tonight.

A pool contest will be held tonight between Connellsville and Scottdale teams at Oberman's billiard rooms, Wilson, Anderson and Marietta will represent Connellsville with Biss, Trout and Leader for Scottdale.

**CO-OPERATIVE STORE
AT DICKERSON RUN IS
NOW BEING FORMED.**

Special to The Courier.
DICKERSON RUN, Jan. 5.—Steps are being taken to organize a co-operative store here for the purpose of reducing the high cost of living.

**SNOW FALLS DURING NIGHT;
NO MOVE TO CLEAN WALKS**

City Council Has Not Acted on Proposed Ordinance; Major Marks Plans.

There was a comparatively heavy fall of snow during the night which aggregated several inches. The flakes were light and somewhat damp, the kind that pack easily, if properly encased. There was no interruption to the city service because of the storm. It began snowing during the night and had stopped before morning. There was no wind to cause drifts.

WANTS T. R. IN 1916.

West Virginia Republican Chairman Calls Get Together Meeting.

By Associated Press.
CHARLESTON, W. Va., Feb. 5.—Harry Curtin, acting chairman of the West Virginia Republican state committee, today issued a call for an open meeting of the committee to be held here February 23 to "make party declarations and discuss plans for the coming campaign."

RAINY STORE BURNS.

Building at Royal Destroyed With a Loss of \$35,000.

Crossed wires probably caused the fire in the W. J. Rainey store at Royal shortly after last midnight and before it was extinguished the entire structure was gutted, with an estimated loss of \$35,000.

MINERS TO BANQUET.

They Will Attend Keystone Institute in Greensburg Saturday.

Representatives from the leading coal companies in the state will attend the annual Keystone Institute banquet to be held Saturday evening at the New Fisher Hotel in Greensburg. About 250 practical miners and officials are expected.

GO TO HARRISBURG.

Youngkin and Hezel Attending Educational Conference.

E. H. Youngkin, president of the School Board, and Director Roy Hezel left last night for Harrisburg to attend the convention of the directors' division of the State Educational Association which begins today and continues for two days.

MUST PAY BOARD.

City Charged 30 Cents a Day for Its Jail Prisoners.

According to word received by Chief Butler from Newton Nowemore, warden of the county jail, Connellsville will be charged 30 cents a day for each prisoner upon whom a jail sentence is imposed under the new penal ordinance.

THE WEATHER FORECAST.

Fair in north, occasional snow tonight and Friday in the noon weather forecast for Western Pennsylvania.

TEMPERATURE RECORD.

Maximum 45 55
Minimum 20 16
Mean 32 35
The Nough rose dropped from 3.95 to 2.90 feet, during the night.

**EXPERT TO EXPLAIN
ASSESSMENT SYSTEM;
ARRIVES NEXT WEEK****Friday the Thirteenth Date
for Somers Demonstration.****COUNCILMAN GANS ON THE JOB**

Will Make Arrangements for a Public Meeting. When Details of the System Will Be Demonstrated; Equitable Taxation Results, is the Claim.

Superintendent of Accounts and Finance John L. Gans received a letter from the Manufacturers' Appraisal Company of Cleveland, yesterday, offering to send a representative here on Friday, February 13, to explain the system of assessments about which Councilman Gans has been heard. Walter W. Pollock, president of the concern, will come in person.

SOMERSET MAN FIRED

Outing of Miller as County Home Steward May Mean a Fight.

SOMERSET, Feb. 5.—Another sensation is buzzing in the county home. John C. Miller, steward of the institution, got his "walking papers" yesterday when the board of poor directors notified him that his services will not be required after March 1. The directors order a charge against Miller, and it is likely that the matter will be fought out in the courts.

WOMAN ORGANIZER COMING.

She Plans Branch of the Parent-Teacher Association Here.

At the invitation of Superintendent S. P. Ashe and Principal R. E. Smith of the high school, Mrs. Walter Leroy Smith of Mahan, Miss., a leader in the National Parent-Teacher Association, will come to Connellsville in the near future to organize a branch of the association.

FRIDAY, 13TH, COMING

February is Short Month But Draws Good Luck.

Though February is a short month, it has the distinction of being allotted one of the three unlucky days of the entire year: Friday, the 13th, which happens along the day before Saturday of next week.

RESTAURANT WORKERS STRIKE.

Want Shorter Hours, More Wages and One Day Off a Week.

CHILMARK, Feb. 5.—Cook, waiters and waitresses employed in a big Randolph street restaurant walked out today because their demands had not been granted.

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NO SUNDAY BALL IN BALTIMORE.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Feb. 5.—The annual attempt to hold the Sunday baseball in Baltimore met defeat today. The bill was unfavorably reported by a committee of the House of Delegates and a motion to substitute the bill for the unfavorable report was voted down almost unanimously.

WILL PROTECT WOMEN.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 5.—A campaign for the protection of women was launched here today under the auspices of the Woman's Protective League. It is planned to place more women at Union Station to guide young girls who come to the city for the first time.

**MT. PLEASANT MAN
FINDS A POSSUM
ON HIS DOORSTEP.**

Special to The Courier.
MOUNT PLEASANT, Feb. 5.—Lester Reuter, when he stepped on his door step when he opened the front door yesterday morning, found a possum on his doorstep.

**B. & O. MEN PLAN TO FORM
VETERAN ASSOCIATION HERE**

Connellsville Division Likely to Be Well Represented in New Organization.

Following the plan adopted at other points along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, a branch of the Veteran Employees Association is likely to be organized on the Connellsville division. According to information given out at the local division office today, the first move must be made by the employees, but the company is willing to assist.

**Palmer Slated for
Senate; McCormick
Out for Governor**

Democratic Leaders Decide on Ticket at Washington Confab.

After various conflicting reports had been issued concerning the Democratic slate and the coming campaign, it was formally announced from Washington last night that Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer of Stroudsburg would be the candidate for the United States Senate to oppose Senator Penrose, while Vance McCormick of Harrisburg would run for Governor, opposing Michael J. Ryan of Philadelphia for the nomination.

MESTREZAT BOOM SIDETRACKED

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Our Lawmakers Are Finding a Flareback In the Income Tax Law—A Job for the Sergeant-At-Arms.

THE price of "single blessedness" is going up! The Income Tax Section of the Underwood Tariff Bill, passed late in the preceding session of Congress, provides that a single man's income is exempt to \$3,000 a year, while a married man can legally deduct the amount up to \$4,000 yearly. Taking the Congressional salary of \$7,500 as a basis, this law compels the "unattached" legislator to pay one per cent of \$4,500, whereas the contemporary of the wife and family "booms up" on \$3,400.

Those families think he should have more of a bonus than one solitary thousand and the widower with numerous offspring sees no reason why he should be classed as a "bachelor." So a veritable tempest is brewing among the bachelor, widower and divorced "eligibles" of the country.

A Minor Unpleasant Task.

So, it can be seen that lady suffragists are not creating all the trouble over being "unjustly taxed and discriminated against." And, to make the situation up-on-the-hill even more interesting, that Income Tax Section further stipulates that said income is to be taxed "at its source." Judges in salary hearings, who have endeavored to get on the trail of the assets of professional men, can picture the special jobs ahead of the collectors who have to extract this one per cent from the revenues of politicians.

On bonds the banks will act as collectors for "the thing which is Caesar's" but it appears that the Sergeant-at-Arms of House and Senate, will be required to deduct the estimated amounts from Congressional salaries, by the year or session, as the latter see fit to pay it, for, of course, none of them would be so playful as to pay it in monthly installments.

Getting a Member's Record.

One of the assistants in this office on "the House side" greeted inquiries as to the modus operandi for collecting that one per cent with unobtrusive chuckles.

"Imagine the fun," he said, "when a man who has not troubled to describe himself in the directory as married or by any of those hieroglyphics opposite his name for the private galleries, is held up on pay day with the polite query: Are you unmarried or just living apart from your wife? Not for mine! I would much rather be a spectator." So, probably, would the Sergeant-at-Arms.

A peculiar phase of this Tax is that it is put into effect when there are

The Congressman and the Income TAX



Rep. Gerard
Payee of New York
a Distinguished
Widower Statesman



Sen. Penrose
of Pa. a Bachelor
who has not
Objected to
the Tax



Sen. Brandegee
of Connecticut as well known
for his Bachelorhood as
for his Politics



Rep. Bird McGuire
of Oklahoma classed
as a Newly Wed

quite an exceptional percentage of single men in Congress.

Elsewhere the same number of masculines, who have either kept to the "single" road or returned to it through death or divorce, would have to be regarded as quite insignificant but politicians, like ministers, and that it helps their business to be wedded. The bachelor campaigner who goes through his district always stands high in popularity with the women of it, but it has been invariably the man of family who commanded most respect from the horny handed son of toil.

Fair Showing of Eligibles.

One can conjecture that in the Senate States the non-Benedict will have the advantage in future elections.

However, that may be, the roster of bachelors, widowers and of those whose marital status is not given, is quite lengthy for a political assembly.

The widowers run the bachelors a close second with the few "others" in a moderate sized bunch at the end. What would be the status of a Congressman whose wife lives in Europe while he is busy helping steer the ship of State this side the pond, only some of the skilled disciples of Income Tax requirements will be able to answer.

Such questions as "Are you divorced?" "Have you ever been married?" will undoubtedly have to be presented to any about whom the collector at the capitol is in doubt. Luckily for his mental balance there are many Senators and Members of the Lower House who just let their salaries pile up and collect them in a lump, at either the end of the session or of the term.

Some of those who come under the bachelor Tax give amusing reasons for being willing to continue subject to that "fine."

Senator "Mark" Smith, of Arizona, can always be depended upon to give a characteristic explanation of anything. Apropos of his bachelorhood he declared in all seriousness that "no lady ever asked me to marry her and I never had the temerity to ask one to share life with me"—which, getting abroad, may enable the Senator from "the country God forgot" to dodge that one per cent after all.

Rep. Henry D. Flood, of Virginia, who is chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House, owner of a splendid old plantation home in Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, where he maintains a "cabins" and oversees as did his people before the War, has long been regarded as an especially eligible member of the unmarried contingent; frequent, undated, newspaper

announcements of his engagement to a Washington belle make it appear that he intends basely deserting his colleagues and joining the element which is exempt to \$4,500.

Some of the Newlyweds.

At least he is not alone in this according to the press, as well as that preceding, saw several presumably "not" unmarried men go over to the fetters of what a Congressional wit has termed "The Double Life." These marriages have been prolific in romance, too, as in the case of Rep. Clyde Tavenner. He was a clerk in the Sergeant-at-Arms' office who thought far ahead of his job. Quitting the certainty of his monthly pay for the uncertainties of a political campaign, he persuaded a fair young Congressional stenographer to also embrace her future chances as a private secretary against those of being the wife of a Representative. It is said that who helped with his speeches, "took down" what was valuable for

later use and together they "mailed" and are now back in Washington.

The Hon. Bird S. McGuire, of Oklahoma, is also a newlywed and his courtship and marriage teamed with unusual romance. The internal revenues of the country lost interest on an additional two thousand dollars per annum when Reps. P. E. Quinn of Mississippi, and Clarence Miller of Minnesota recently went over to the Benedicts, though far he it from this writer to intimate that they did so from any motive of economy.

While less extensively represented by bridegrooms, as befits a more august body, the United States Senate came into the matrimonial line-light during the past session by one of the most unusual weddings that has ever occurred in the Congressional set. Senator Thomas H. Catron had long been given up by ambitious "buds" and manoeuvring older girls when he suddenly, last summer, met a visiting maiden, proposed, was accepted and

elooped all in the space of what some bachelors declare less than a fortnight while others granted the pair a slightly longer period.

And then there is Senator Brady, of Idaho, who hasn't been wedded long enough to be classed with the old married men!

When is a Man Married?

According to information furnished by Mr. L. F. Speer, Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department, who is in direct charge of the Income Tax—although the whole is under supervision of Mr. William H. Osborn, Commissioner—any Member of Congress who prefers to have his income elsewhere taxed cannot be compelled to part with any of his salary due at the Capitol.

The crop of Congressional widowers is so small as to suggest that politicians must make better husbands than do farmers of the land—among whom the wife mortality rate is Governmentally alluded to as being so great. Only a dozen are regularly listed, although there may be others, not known of.

The Senate has a quartet of well-known bachelors—Pearce, of Pennsylvania; Brandegee, of Connecticut; Burton, of Ohio, and the already mentioned, "Mark" Smith, of Arizona.

Considering that a Congressional bachelor only pays \$45.00 and a married Member \$25.00 a year—just about what each would probably pay respectively, for a suit of clothes—it does not appear after all that Mr. Underwood has wished any real hardship on his fellow men—but as to his fellow women—that's another story!

Many Eligibles in Both Houses—No Allowances Made for Divorcees—Senate's Well-Known Bachelors.

Neither may any deduction be made until \$2,000 shall have been paid to each bachelor and an additional thousand to each husband; Mr. Speer explaining that a legislator might die before he had received his entire exemption and after having already been taxed in full. So that does away with the prospect of "taking something out of the envelope" every day as is being anticipated up on Capitol hill.

The literal reading of the Section in the Tariff Bill, as given by the Internal Revenue official, is that a married man is one who isn't legally separated from his wife—it being advanced, as fair, that if he and his other-half have merely "separated to disagree" without any Court proceedings, that he is still married, but this last has not been definitely decided.

In any event, where a Congressman files his personal return in his native town, or the District from which he is elected, the tax is to be "extracted" by the collector at the place where the M. C. has his permanent residence. Such a one files a claim for exemption at the Capitol so that he is not "docked" twice on the same income.

No Allowances For Divorcees.

The truly awful feature of this income tax—and this does not apply to Congressmen, especially—to men whose wives have been through the expense and publicity of divorce and are paying alimony, is that they will not be permitted to include any part of it as exclusive of assets. Or rather, it will not be exempt from taxation. And maybe that isn't adding insult to injury!

The crop of Congressional widowers is so small as to suggest that politicians must make better husbands than do farmers of the land—among whom the wife mortality rate is Governmentally alluded to as being so great. Only a dozen are regularly listed, although there may be others, not known of.

The Senate has a quartet of well-known bachelors—Pearce, of Pennsylvania; Brandegee, of Connecticut; Burton, of Ohio, and the already mentioned, "Mark" Smith, of Arizona.

Considering that a Congressional bachelor only pays \$45.00 and a married Member \$25.00 a year—just about what each would probably pay respectively, for a suit of clothes—it does not appear after all that Mr. Underwood has wished any real hardship on his fellow men—but as to his fellow women—that's another story!

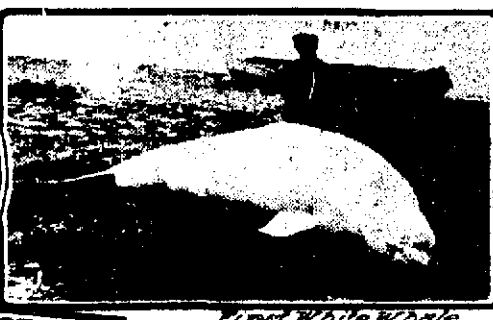
AROUND-THE-WORLD CHASE FOR WHALES



Head of Killer Whale
"The Wolf of the Sea"



Roy C. Andrews



First White Whale
Ever taken for a Museum

Thrilling Adventures of Mr. Roy C. Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History, In His Quest for Rare Specimens of The Whale Family.

Mr. Roy C. Andrews, who returned from a trip to Alaska aboard the yacht "Adventurer," owned by Mr. John Burdett, of Chicago, who took several of his friends on an adventure, returned from the trip with a "welly" whale, a "welly" seal, and a "welly" walrus. The trip was a success, and the specimens were preserved for the American Museum of Natural History.

Mr. Andrews, who is a well-known naturalist, has been on several expeditions to Alaska and the Arctic regions. He has collected many rare specimens, including whales, seals, and walrus. His latest expedition was a success, and he has returned with a "welly" whale, a "welly" seal, and a "welly" walrus.

The trip was a success, and the specimens were preserved for the American Museum of Natural History. Mr. Andrews, who is a well-known naturalist, has been on several expeditions to Alaska and the Arctic regions. He has collected many rare specimens, including whales, seals, and walrus.



Dissecting
Hump Back Whale



Loading the Harpoon Gun



Towing in sperm Whale
Now in Museum



Head of the 60 ft. Sperm
Bottom, now in the Museum

was wounded, and the tremendous amount of blood it lost, seemingly, had no weakening effect upon it, and the race would be renewed with redoubled speed and fury.

"The first shot imbedded itself in the whale's frame at about ten o'clock in the morning, and it was not until night was about to close down that exhaustion overtook our prize, and it curled up in its death throes and surrendered to the desperate onslaughts of our harpoon line. Every man aboard ship had been wrought up to the highest tension and not one of us had left the howl of the boat long enough to go below for food or dry clothing. At several intervals during the chase we skinned our throats with steaming coffee which the cook brought us and when our prize finally collapsed we were too worn and exhausted to attempt to cut it up and procure the blubber which we had prepared for its presentation to the American Museum, where it now reposes as one of our choicest exhibits. We came to for the night and made fast our prize, deferring to the next morning the task that lay before us. Time and again that whale, although unto death charged our ship with such relentless fury that every man of us aboard her was in terror that we would be wrecked or swamped should it succeed in getting beneath our bow. Our lives alone were saved by the splendid marksmanship of the man who operated the harpoon gun, for every shot he fired that day sped true to the mark until not a harpoon or a foot of line was left aboard.

"We were two hundred and fifty miles away from the point where we first took up the chase and it must be remembered many times in the course of the chase the whale doubled in its tracks, swinging sharply about until it seems we must have covered almost twice this distance.

"Our prize weighed seventy tons and he was well worth the thrills and the trouble he gave us. That was but one of many merry whale chases I have participated in in various parts of the world, and but for a lack of time I could tell you of some of the stances where we looked at some monster of the deep."

GINK AND DINK—He Didn't Expect to See a Full Grown Man.

By C. A. Voight.



The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

& HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES (MRS. POST WHEELER)

ILLUSTRATED BY LAUREN STOUT

Copyright 1914 by DORIS PERKINS CO.

Thirty years ago tomorrow they fought," she said softly. "Valiant and Hallie. They were both her one and only. I suppose, and tomorrow's mine. Do you know what I do, every fourteenth of May, Monty? I keep my room and spend the day always the same way. There's a little book I read. And there's an old hair-dresser that I've had since I was a girl. Down in the bottom of it are some—things that I take out and set around the room. . . . and there is a handful of old letters I go over from first to last. I've almost worn out now, but I could repeat them all with my eyes shut. Then there's a tiny old straw basket with a yellow wisp in it that once was a bunch of rape-jessamines. I wore them to that last ball—the night before it happened. The fourteenth of May used to be sad, but now, do you know, I look forward to it. I always have a lot of jessamines that particular day—I'll have Shirley get me some tomorrow—and in the evening, when I go down stairs, the house is full of the scent of them. All summer long it's roses, but on the fourteenth of May it has to be jessamines. Shirley must think me a whimsical old woman, but I insist on being humored."

He smiled a little bleakly, and cleared his throat. "Isn't it strange for me to be talking this way now?" she said presently. "Another proof that I'm getting old. But the date brings it very close. It seems, somehow, closer than ever this year—Monty, weren't you tremendously surprised when I married Tom Dandrige?"

"I certainly was."

"Well, tell me a secret. I was, too. I suppose I did it because of a sneaking feeling that some people were feeling sorry for me, which I never could stand. Well, he was a man any one might honor. I've always thought a woman ought to have two husbands: one to love and cherish, and the other to honor and obey. I had the latter, at any rate."

And you've lived with him? he said. "Yes," she agreed, with a little sigh. "I lived with him and Shirley and she's twenty and adorable. And I've had a nice enough time looking at him and plenty of pretty things to look at, and old lace to wear, and I've kept my figure and my vanity—I'm not too old to thank the Lord for that!"

"So don't talk to me about worried brows and horrible lines. For I would wear em. Not if I knew myself. Here comes Shirley. She's made two blouses, and if you're a gentleman, you'll direct her attention. I've got rid of mine in my usual way."

The master at the foot of the cherry-colored lane looked back across the change in where the two figures sat under the rose arbor the mother's face turned lovingly down to Shirley's at her knee. He stood a moment watching them from under his scowling butrim.

You never looked at me that way, Judith did you? he sighed to himself. It's been a long time too, since I began to want to be in next forty years. When it came to the show-down, I wasn't even as fit as Tom Dandrige!"

CHAPTER IX.

Dandridge Court.

"Dar's Dandridge Court smack-dab ahead!"

John Vallant looked on. Facing him at an elbow of the broad road was an old gateway of thick-set stone, clapping in front of it a gate of oak and iron, and with rust he put out his hand.

"Wait a moment!" he said in a low voice, and as the cracking conveyance stopped, he turned and looked about him.

Facing the entrance this land fell away sharply to a miniature valley through which rambled a willow-bordered brook, in whose shallows short-horned cows stood lazily beyond, weather-worn the Red Road, he could see a drowsy village, with a spire and a cupola, and a yellow-roofed and a yellow-gorge with a

and windows, knocked up the rusted bells of the shutters and flung them wide.

But for the dust and cobwebs and the strange odor, mingled with the faint musty smell that pervades a sun-



He Inserted the Key in the Rusty Lock.

less interior, the former owner of the house might have deserted it a week ago. On a wall-rack lay two walking-sticks and a gold-mounted hunting-crop, and on a great carved chest below it had been flung an opened book bound in tooled leather. John Vallant picked this up curiously. It was "Lucile."

He noted that here and there passages were marked with pencilled lines—some light and femininely delicate, some heavier, as though two had been reading it together, noting their individual preferences.

He laid it back muslingly, and opening a door, entered the large room it disclosed. This had been the dining-room. At one end stood a crystal-knobbed mahogany sideboard, holding glass candlesticks in the shape of Ionic columns—above it a quaint portrait of a lady in hoops and love-curls—and at the other end was a huge fireplace with rusted-iron fire-grates and tarnished brass fender. All these, with the round cotopide table and the Chippendale chairs set in order against the walls, were dimmed and grayed with a thick powdering of dust.

The next room that he entered was big and wide, a place of dark colors, nobly smothered of time. It had been at once library and living-room. A great leather settee was drawn near the desk and beside this stood a reading stand with a small china dog and a squat bronze lamp upon it. In contrast to the orderly dining-room there was about this chamber a sense of untended disorder—a desk-drawer jerked half-open, a yellowed newspaper torn across and flung into a corner, books tossed on desk and lounge, and in the fireplace a little heap of whitened ashes in which charred fragments told of letters and papers burned in haste.

Suddenly he lifted his eyes. Above the desk hung a life-size portrait of a man, in the high soft stock and velvet collar of half a century before. The right eye, strangely, had been cut from the canvas. He stood straight and tall, one hand holding an eager hound in leash, his face proud and stolid, his single, cold, steel-blue eye staring down through its dusty curtain with a certain malicious arrogance, and his lips set in a sardonic curve that seemed about to sneer. It was for an instant as if the pictured figure confronted the young man who stood there, mutely challenging his entrance into that tomb-like and secret-keeping quiet, and he gazed back as fixedly, repelled by the craft of the face, yet subtly attracted. "I wonder who you were," he said. "You were cruel. Perhaps you were wicked. But you were strong, too."

He returned to the carrier to find that the negro had hurried in to his trunk, and he bade him place it, with the portmanteau, in the room he had just left. Dusk was falling.

"Uncle Jefferson," said Vallant abruptly, "have you a family?"

"No, sub Jos' me en mah ol' 'ooman."

"Can she cook?"

"Cook!" The genial titter again captured his dusky escort. "When she got do fixins, Ah rock'n she do beater's cook in his mah country."

"How would you both like to live here with me for a while? She could cook and you could take care of me."

Uncle Jefferson's eyes seemed to turn inward with mingled surprise and introspection. He shifted from one foot to the other, answered difficultly several times, and said, "Ah ain' neb-bah seed yo' befo', sub."

"Well, I haven't seen you either, have I?"

"Dat's de trufe, sub. 'foed et ist Fryah, hyuh! What Ah means ter say is dat de ol' 'ooman kain' cook no fancy didoes like what dey cats up Norf. She kin jes' cook de Ferginacy style."

"That sounds good to me," quoth Vallant. "I'll risk it. Now as to wages—"

"Ah ain' spec'ulous as ter de wages," said Uncle Jefferson. "Ah knows er gemman when Ah sees one."

"Then it's a bargain," responded Vallant with alacrity. "Can you come at once?"

"Yes, sub, me en Daph gwintet come ovah 'us' thing in de mawnin'. What yo'all gwintet do fo' yo' sup-pah?"

"I'll get along," Vallant assured him cheerfully. "Here is five dollars. You can buy some food and things to cook with, and bring them with you. Do you think there's a stove in the kitchen?"

"Ah rock'n," replied Uncle Jefferson. "En de dar ain' Daph kin cook er Christmas dinnah wid fo' stones on er tin skillet. Yas, sub!"

He trudged away into the shadows, but presently as the new master of Dandridge Court stood in the gloomy hall he heard the shambling step again behind him. "Ah done neglect-ter ax yo' name, sub. Ah did, fo' er fan'."

"My name is Vallant. John Vallant."

Uncle Jefferson's eyes turned upward and rolled out of orbit. "Mah Lawd!" he ejaculated soundlessly. And with his wide lips still framed about the last word, he backed out of the doorway and disappeared.

Alone in the ebbing twilight, John Vallant found his hamper, spread a napkin on the broad stone steps and took out a glass, a spoon and part of a loaf of bread. The thermos flask was filled with milk. It was not a splendid banquet, yet he ate it with a great content as the bullock at his feet gnawed his share of the crust. He broke his bread into the milk as he had not done since he was a child, and ate the luscious pulp with a keen relish bred of the long outdoor day.

It was almost dark when the meal was done and, depleted hamper in hand, he reentered the empty echoing house. He went into the library, lighted the great brass lamp from the motor and began to rummage. The drawers of the dining-room sideboard yielded nothing, on a shelf of the butter's pantry, however, was a tin box which proved to be half full of wax candles, perfectly preserved.

"The very thing!" he said triumphantly. Carrying them back, he fixed several in the glass-candlesticks and set them, lighted, all about the somber room till the soft glow flooded its every corner. "There," he said, "that is as it should be. No big blinding search-light here! And no glare of modern electricity would suit that old wainscoting, either."

He dragged the leather settee to the porch and the light of the motor lamp dusted it thoroughly, and wheeling it back, set it under the portrait which had so attracted him. He washed the glass from which he had dined and filled it at the cup of the garden fountain, put into it the rose from his hat and set it on the reading-stand. The small china dog caught his eye and he picked it up casually. The head came off in his hands. It had been a bon-bon box and was empty save for a narrow strip of yellowed paper, on which were written some meaningless figures—1738-94. He pondered this a moment, then thrust it into one of the empty pigeonholes of the desk. On the latter stood an old-fashioned leather-bound diary; the date it exposed was May 14th. Curiously enough the same date would recur tomorrow. The page bore a quotation: "Every man carries his fate on a ribband about his neck."

The line had been quoted in his father's letter May 14th—how much that date and that motto may have meant for him!

He rose to push the shutter wider and in the movement his elbow sent a shallow case of morocco leather that had lain on the desk crashing to the floor. It opened and a heavy metallic object rolled almost to his feet. He saw at a glance that it was an old-fashioned rusted dueling-pistol.

The box had originally held two pistols. He shuddered as he stooped to pick up the weapon, and with the crawling repugnance mingled a pang-

ing anger and humiliation. From his very babyhood it had always been so—that unconquerable aversion to the touch of firearms. There had been moments in his youth when this unreasoning shrinking had filled him with a



He Shuddered as He Stooped to Pick Up the Weapon.

blind fury, had driven him to strange self-torments of courage. He had never been able to overcome it. Analysis had told him that his peculiar aversion was no mere outgrowth of this. It lay far deeper. He had rarely, of recent years, met the test. Now, as he stood in these unaccustomed surroundings, with the cold touch of the metal of the shuddering held him, and the sweat broke in beads on his forehead. Setting his teeth hard, he crossed the room, slipped the box with its pistol between the volumes of the bookcase, and returned to his seat.

The bullock, aroused from a nap, thrust a warm morsel between his knees. "It's uncanny, Chum!" he said, as his hand crossed the velvet head. "Why should the touch of that fool thing chill my spine and make my flesh tingle over my bones? Why should I hate a pistol? Do you suppose I was shot in one of my previous existences?"

For a long while he sat there, his pipe dead, his eyes on the moonlighted out-of-doors. The eerie feeling that had gripped him had gone as quickly as it had come. At last he rose, stretching himself with a great boyish yawn, put out all save one of the candles and taking a bathrobe, sandals and a huge fuzzy towel from the steam-trunk, stripped lustrely. He donned the bathrobe and sandals and went out through the window to the garden and down to where lay the little lake ruffling silverly under the moon. On its brink he stopped, and tossing back his head, tried to imitate one of the bird calls but was unsuccessful. With a rueful laugh he threw off the bathrobe and stood an instant glistening, poised in the moonlight like a marble faun, before he dove, straight down out of sight.

Five minutes later he pulled himself up over the edge, his feet tingling with the chill of the water, and threw the robe about his cool white shoulders. Then he thrust his feet into his sandals and sped quickly back. He rubbed himself to a glow, and blowing out the remaining candle, stretched himself luxuriously between the warm blankets on the couch. The dog snuffed inquiringly at his hand, then leaped up and snuggled down close to his feet.

John Vallant's thoughts had fled a thousand miles away, to the tall girl who all his life had seemed to stand over him, his world, and whose unpassioned—Katherine Fargo. He tried to picture her, a perfect chivalry, graceful and gracious as a tall, white, epicurean lily, in this dead house that seemed still to throb with living passions. But the picture subtly eluded him and he stirred uneasily under the blanket.

After a time his hands stretched out to the reading-stand and drew the glass with its vivid blossom nearer. (It, in his nostrils, its musky odor mingled with the dew-wet scent of the honeysuckle from the garden. At last his eyes closed. "Every man carries his fate on a ribband about his neck," he muttered drowsily, and then, "Roses . . . red roses . . ."

And so he fell asleep.

CHAPTER X.

The Hunt.

He awoke to a musical twittering and chirping, to find the sun pouring into the dusty room in a very glory. He rolled from the blanket and stood

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COUPON, FEBRUARY 5, 1914.

This coupon and one other of consecutive date, and 98 cents gets this unequalled combination, shaving outfit. Consisting of one safety razor, two very sharp fine steel blades, and one automatic stropper.

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ANY RAZOR IN THE WORLD.

It sharpens the ordinary old style razors, any size or make. It also sharpens all safety razor blades, including the Curley, Gillette, Yankee, Arnold, Durham-Duplex, Keen-Cutter, Ever Ready, Gem Junior, Enders, Clark, King, West, Ward, Yale, Star, Gem, Auto Strop, Sharp Shaver, Mark Cross, and others.

There is no trick about stropping, your razor—not with the Bailey's Automatic Strop, which is built on practical lines. The correct position of the blade positively guarantees a cutting edge.

By mail on same terms but includes 10 cents additional for postage.

upright, flitting his lungs with a long deep breath of satisfaction. He felt singularly light-hearted and alive. The bulldog came bounding through the window, dirty from the weeds, and flung himself upon his master in a canine rapture.

"Get out!" quoth the latter, laughing. "Stop licking my feet! How the dickens do you suppose I'm to get into my clothes with your ridiculous antics going on? Down, I say! Hark!" He broke off and listened. "Who's that singing?"

The sound drew nearer—a lugubrious chant, with the weirdest minor reflections, faintly suggestive of the rag-time ditties of the music-halls, yet with a plaintive cadence.

"Good morning, Uncle Jefferson!" The singer broke off, set down the twig-broom that he had been wielding and came toward him. "Maw'nin', sub Maw'nin'," he said. "Hopes yo'all sleep good. Ah rock'n dem ar birds make yo' up; dey's makin' seh er 'miration'."

"Thank you. Never slept better in my life. Am I laboring under a delusion when I imagine I smell coffee?" Just then there came a voice from the open door of the kitchen: "Call yo' self er man, yo' triffin' recon-structed nigkab! Wen maw'nab gwintet git he brekfus' wid' yo' ramshack-lin' eroun' wid' dat dawg all his Gawd-blessed maw'nin! Go fetch some mo' dah-wood dis minute. Yo' heah?"

A turbaned head poked itself through the door, with a good-natured least-brown face beneath it, which broadened into a wide smile as its owner bobbed energetically at Vallant's greeting. "Fo' de Lawd!" she exclaimed, wiping sooty hands on a gingham apron. "Yo' sho' is up early, but Ah got yo' brekfus' ready, sub."

"All right, Aunt Daphna. I'll be back directly."

He sped down to the lake to plunge his head into the cool water and thereby sharpen the edge of an appetite that needed no honing.

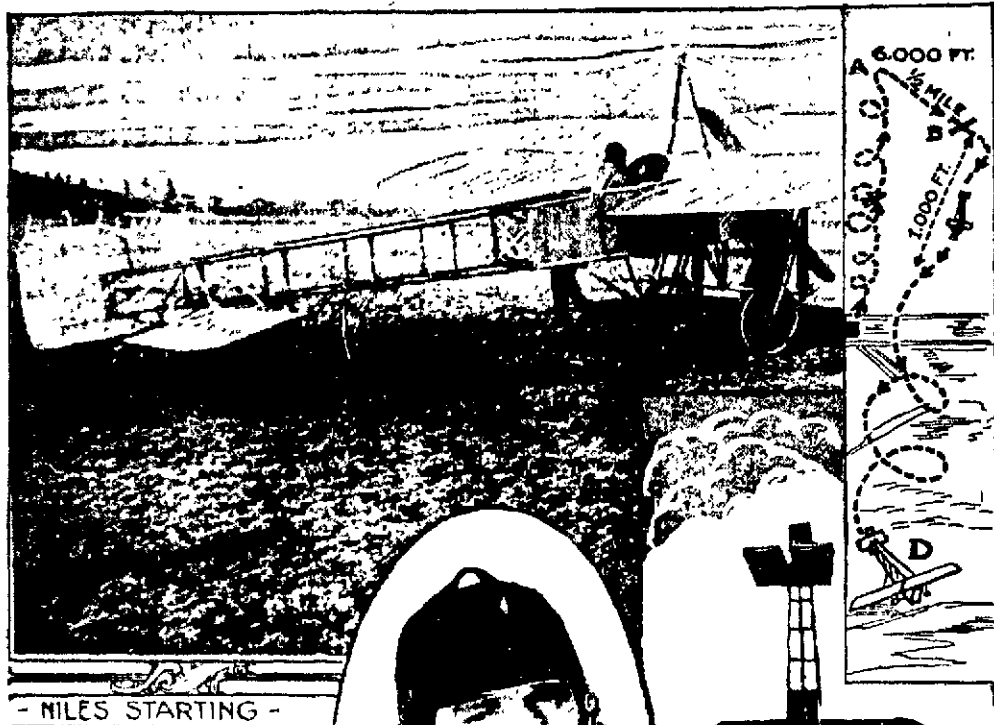
He came up the trail again to find the reading-stand transferred to the porch and laid with a white cloth on which was set a steaming coffee-pot, with fresh cream, saltless butter and crisp hot biscuits, and as he sat down, with a sigh of pure delight, in his dressing-gown—a crepe Japanese thing redeemed from womanishness by the bold green bamboo of its design—Uncle Jefferson planted before him a generous platter of bacon, eggs and potatoes. These he attacked with a surprising keenness. As he buttered his fifth biscuit he looked at the dog, rolling on his back in morning ecstasies, with a look of humorous surprise.

"Chum," he said, "what do you think of that? All my life a single roll and a cup of coffee have been the most I could ever negotiate for breakfast, and then it was apt to taste like chips and whet-stones. And now look at this plate!" The dog ceased yawning and looked back at his master with much the same expression. Clearly his own needs had not been forgotten.

(To Be Continued.)

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Sensational Young Aviator Who Flies Straight Down Toward Earth and Upside Down as Well



- NILES STARTING -

The diagram shows A-Niles reaches height of 6,000 feet, then turns over. B—Flies up side down for half a mile, then for 1000 feet. C—After dropping 1000 feet machine rights itself, and he lands safely at D.

AT THE THEATRES.

THE SOISSON.

"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR" is a social drama, "Bought and Paid For," which comes to the Soisson Theatre, matinee and night, Saturday, February 7, brings up some of the most interesting social problems which are before this world today. The play is one of ideas, and deep in certain phases of life which are to be found in nearly every American home. Here are some of the important questions raised and answered in this drama:

Is it possible to have a happy union between a man of wealth and industry and a telephone girl who is getting 10 a week?

What happens to a woman if her husband is a drunkard?

Can a woman have a man devotedly, one day and leave him the next day, and come back if he does not?

Does the law give a husband any moral right to kiss his wife whenever he wishes to?

Are legal rights stronger than moral rights? If a woman has the right to leave her husband under any circumstances, if he does not, she might have helped him, thus really anything to do with marriage, or marriage with love.

To what extent should a wife be faithful to her husband? Should principles dominate one's life, or should life after one's principles? These problems are brought up or suggested in "Bought and Paid For," and in the solution of them Mr. Broadway has opened wide the door on the private life of the Robert Stafford, independent magazine and children and one Virginia, whom he meets accidentally in his business.

THE ARCADE.

The Arcade is for the benefit of the poor, and is a place where you can get a good deal of good things for a very small price. It is a place where you can get a good deal of good things for a very small price.

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- NILES - FLYING DOWNWARD

SAFETY WORK DESCRIBED

Interesting Welfare Bulletin Issued by Steel Corporation.

An interesting Bulletin describing the safety and welfare work undertaken by the United States Steel Corporation through its various subsidiary companies has just been issued. In addition to a history of the welfare work since its inception in 1906, when the first steps were taken to prevent accidents, the bulletin describes all the phases of the work that is now being done by the corporation.

Illustrations are used to show the extent of the campaign. The spirit of welfare campaign is probably best described in repeating a warning which faces the workers at Gary, a place where the plants are made. It is better to cause a delay than an accident.

The aggregate expenditures of the United States Steel Corporation in 1912, for improving the conditions of its workers is shown to have been \$5,150,000, divided into \$2,575,536 for accident relief, \$2,575,536 for accident prevention, \$1,000,000 for sanitation and miscellaneous welfare work, \$1,000,000 for pension and approximately \$1,000,000 for employee stock subscription plan.

The death rate of the H. C. Frick Coke Company in 1912 is shown to have been 1.000,000 tons of coal produced, which compared with 3.50 in Scotland, 6.53 in South Wales, 4.32 in Great Britain and 1.24 in the whole United States. The Frick company produced 2,112,228 tons per death, this compared with 287,000 in Scotland, 153,000 in South Wales, 249,000 in Great Britain and 201,000 in the whole United States.

During the season of 1911, there were 5,200,000 tons of coal produced, or 91 per cent of the total possible number.

In the mining town of the H. C. Frick Coke Company. The estimated average value of each vegetable garden was \$27.50, which meant a total saving of \$173,140 to the employees of that subsidiary company.

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Latney, 1st Tenor. Trent, 2d Tenor.
Taylor, 1st Bass. Bruce, 2nd Bass.

Comedy sketch, full of catchy jokes and popular songs, featuring H. R. Bruce, the black-face comedian

MATINEE 10c. NIGHT, 10c and 20c.

Store Closes Today at 5.30. WRIGHT-METZLER COMPANY Store Closes Saturday 9 P. M.

The Dry Goods Store

never assembled a more varied collection of beautiful, strictly fashionable wash fabrics, trimmings and white goods generally; nor better domestics and staple weaves of warranted quality at special low prices than are out today for reviewing and selection at economies peculiar to

The February White Sale

High-class standard value white goods, trimmings and domestics in full assortments at positive economies—selling now!

LACE CURTAINS In the White Sale

NEW CARPET ROOM—SECOND FLOOR ANNEX.

Lot A.—Weave-perfect and wear-perfect, prettily trimmed Nottingham lace curtains, marked to 75c a pair. The 103 remaining pairs, a pair..... 48c

Lot B.—197 remaining pairs of extra grade Nottingham lace curtains, previously to \$1.75 a pair. A variety of white and ecru, a pair.... 85c

Lot C.—A small quantity of lace curtains—Nottingham, cable net, Irish point and scrim—one pair of a kind—white and ecru, previously priced 50c to \$7.50 at..... Half Price

The notable thing about 1914 piece goods and trimmings is their SHEERNESS.

Your better clothes—the "dress-up" apparel, must be filmy, billowy, transparent, right down to the trimmings. The dresses for constant wear may be of sturdier stuffs.

Our stocks, which will have their first showing in the White Sale, are rich in the newest textures for both uses.

Embroideries

is the most beautiful that ever delighted your eyes. You will see cob-webby weaves and exquisite needle work unmatched in Connellsville. Solid work, in neat uncommon designs, distinguishes the

Flourishes Bands Galloons Motifs Edges Medallions Camisoles

These and many more form a unique and most interesting exhibit which you must know about to be in fashion.

Cotton crepe will be the vogue the coming season. A first showing of style-supreme cotton crepes

Cotton Crepes so finely woven so delicate and so unlike the coarse common kinds we've seen previously. Crepe ratine; crepe with ratine stripes, neat checks, plain stripes, delicate figures. Crepe loosely woven and with small nubs peeping through.

Then comes the Ratine Family, with a polish and refinement gathered between seasons. Ratine Broche; and ratine checked, striped and plain. Fish Net ratine has little nubs sprinkled over it. The crepes and ratines are priced 50c to \$5.00 a yard.

Dress Linens

from Ireland, France, Germany and Austria—every good kind for every summer use.

White, natural and French shades. Mouse linens, 25c and 35c yard. Linen Crash, 35c to 65c yard. White Linens—Light weight, unwrinkable; round thread weaves; crash weaves; lawn and cambre weights; waistings. Linen, cotton mixed, 25c yard. All Linen, 35c to \$1.00 yard. Colored Linens—Ramble non-knush and ratine, 35 and 45 inches wide, 35c to \$1.00 yard. Staple and French colors. Running through it is a mere shadow of self-toned stripe which glints like silk.

A MAKER OF GOOD HOSIERY has sent us a left-over case—80 dozen pairs of 25c grade mercerized fish stockings for women; black only. We sell them, a pair..... 19c

SALE! 144 finely assorted, new style, ready-to-wear-now. NET FICHUS have just come into the White Sale to sell at..... 50c 75c and 85c grades.

Eight patterns ALL-linen, full-bleached, 66 inch Scotch and Irish Damasks, Always \$1.00 a yard, in the White Sale..... 89c

Six patterns ALL-linen 72 inch extra grade Scotch and Irish Damasks, neat designs, perfect weave, and \$1.50 grade..... \$1.29

Mrs. K. C. Bennion TODAY!

REPRESENTING THE PICTORIAL REVIEW CO. will be in our pattern section for two days—Thursday and Friday, February 6th and 7th—to advise and suggest ways and means for getting the most use out of Pictorial Review Patterns.

Mrs. Bennion is an expert on styles and dress making and she knows the fine points about the patterns she recommends. She will prove to you that Pictorial Review Patterns are:

1. The simplest in operation.
2. The most economical in the matter of material.
3. The latest in style.
4. And the only patterns with which are furnished cutting and construction guides.

To the woman who makes her own clothes, Mrs. Bennion's suggestions will be of extraordinary value.

TODAY

SPECIAL! A 25c bottle of Benzoin and Almond Lotion—and a 10c cake of Benzoin and Almond Soap—To introduce them, the two for..... 25c (Toilet Goods Section)

Refreshingly NEW!

32 pieces of 32 inch Domestic Ginghams, bought to sell at 15c the yard instead of... 12c

There just came Bordered Turkish Towels for fancy work, etc., pink, blue, yellow... 50c

Some uncommonly good looking Ratine and Epouge, 36 inches wide, is under value at 50c yard.

WRIGHT-METZLER COMPANY.

Double Silver Trading Coupons

FOR TOBACCO TAGS, SOAP WRAPPERS, ETC., UNTIL FEBRUARY 28th, 1914.

PREMIUM PARLORS—Wright-Metzler Company

FOR THE WORKINGMAN SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE LOTS ARE BARGAINS.

25% OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS.

Beginning February 2nd we will place on sale ALL WALL PAPERS (including 1914 stock) at a reduction of 25% OFF.

W. S. STOREY, Corner S. Pittsburg Street and Fairview Avenue, CONNELLSVILLE, PA.